



# Fairy Children's Enchanted Life

Fairy children, born of magic bright,  
Never need clothes to keep them just right.  
They don't worry about food or a cozy fire,  
For they always have what they most desire.

Their pockets jingle with shiny gold,  
And they marry young, brave and bold.  
At the age of seven, so it's told,  
Their hearts are happy, their spirits bold.

Each fairy child can have, if they please,  
Two strong ponies and a flock of sheep to ease.  
They live in houses, each their own,  
Made of brick or stone, so finely grown.

They feast on cherries, so juicy and red,  
Run through fields, without a single dread.  
Houses of stone, in the sun they gleam—  
Oh, how I wish, it's my dream!

In their wild, carefree world, so bright,  
I dream to be a fairy child, light as flight.  
To live with magic, joy, and fun,  
Under the moon and the golden sun.